

## A Child of Iron and Wine

run child of loneliness,  
run to the cave,

botched and delirious  
the wings from an obnoxious owl  
a cigar box of past secrets  
hand-held the cable is out  
8 plus 6 equals  
a blank abstract canvas,  
broken  
chipped  
crippled and deformed  
teeth and souls,  
drink from the water past midnight  
hang from the raptors  
and troposphere  
this Wednesday  
and drink iron infused  
feeble wine,  
grey tinted rancid  
wino hands extended  
molesting bourgeoisie classes  
cardboard never attended and  
reddened skin exfoliated  
with a sharpened blade  
acquired  
in East St. Louis,

sleep child of loneliness,  
sleep in the cave.

***Brett Stout** is a 40-year-old writer and artist originally from Atlanta, GA. He is a high school dropout and former construction worker turned college graduate and paramedic. He writes now while mainly hung-over on white lined paper in a small cramped apartment in Myrtle Beach, SC. He has published several novels of prose and poetry including *Lab Rat Manifesto*, and has been featured in a vast range of various media, including *Brown University* and the *University of California*.*

~ \*♦\*❁\*♦\* ~

**The Pangolin Review, Issue 14 (8 January, 2020)**